

not, Selim, at the decrees of fate, but comfort thyself with the certainty, that I will still be thy good genius, constantly attending thee, through life: I have instilled into thee some principles of virtue: treasure them in thy soul, as they will be of service to thee in thy future conduct: my many avocations, and my constant attendance on the commands of the best of sovereigns, hindered me from dedicating more of my time to thy instruction; but take those tablets, and thou wilt find therein contained a treasure of more worth to thee than the riches of the Persian empire."

Selim, as was before said, was beyond measure sorrowful for the loss of so good a parent: he shut himself up for a month, and would see nobody; till at last, by the command of the Calif, he was obliged to appear: but, alas! how altered from his former self! no more could he captivate the hearts of his beholders: from the once sprightly Selim Abdallah, he was become almost inanimate. The Calif to engage his attention, and rescue him from a fixed melancholy, gave him the most beautiful of his female slaves. Her name was Badoura; she was possessed of every charm that could engage the heart save the love of virtue. She soon made a conquest of Selim, and by insensible degrees, led him into almost every species of vice; till at last, after a three years triumph, hurried
by

by an excess of passion, she poisoned a slave of whom she was jealous. All the interest of Selim could not save her from suffering by the hands of the public executioner. What one would have imagined was sufficient to have deprived him of the small remains of his reason, restored him to that which he had lost: reflection seized him; the soul of his father, which whilst he had strayed from the path of virtue, had forsaken him, now took its station as his good genius: it spoke to him in a voice that was to be heard by none but himself: "Selim, Selim, what hast thou been doing? Dost thou remember the tablets?" Astonished to the last degree, he recollected he had not yet looked into the contents of them: he instantly went to his cabinet, and, with a trembling hand opened them; but behold he could find nothing written in them. He examined them more carefully, and at length, in small Arabic characters found these words: "The sage Mirza lives on the banks of the Euphrates, two leagues towards the setting sun, from Sultan Omar's caravan-fara."

Selim, still at a loss, could not conceive what concern it was to him to know where Mirza lived; yet tired of a place where he had been so remarkably vicious, he asked the Calif permission to travel: it was granted;

and